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No. 40

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, September 25.

A telegram from St. John's states that an Order in Council has been issued forbidding the service of warrants on American vessels in connection with fishery rights or in connection with the employment of New-foundlanders.

The order suspends all colonial statutes authorizing the boarding and arrest of American vessels for fishery offences.

This prevents Sir Richard Bond from carrying out his declared intention to enforce the colonial laws in spite of the *modus vivendi*.

It is explained in official quarters in London that the Order was necessary as there was no evidence that the Newfoundland Government would give effect to the *modus vivendi*, having hitherto refused to recognize it.

London, September 25.

Abdul Aziz has brought twenty thousand troops to Rabat.

Kid Sidel Arbi, an Envoy of the Sultan, has arrived at Casa Blanca to consult with the French.

The market at Casa Blanca has reopened.

The New Bark Yacht Club has declined Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for the America Cup.

The New York Yacht Club's refusal of Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge was due to the challenge not giving the dimensions of the challenger while imposing new and special condition as to the type, size and power of the defender.

London, September 25.

Flood have ravaged the neighbourhood of Malaga. Many villages are in ruins. Already fifty-nine persons have been drowned.

Countess Montignos, the former wife of the King of Saxony, was married to-day to a Florentine singer named Toseli at the Strand Registry office.

London, September 27.

The Newfoundland Government has apparently decided to avoid all conflict with the Imperial Government and is freeing the colonials from all local restrictions.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in speeches made at Toronto, said that British diplomacy regarding Canadian affairs, especially with reference to the United States, had been a record of sacrificing Canadian interests from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Canada thought that she could attend to her own diplomacy and business better than diplomatists unsympathetic to her interests.

With reference to the Japanese treaty, Canada was only beginning to reap the benefit of it and its denunciation would be an act of panic. The Government did not propose to denounce the treaty but needed time to reflect and inquire.

Sir W. Laurier hinted at the appointment of a commission, but said that he was less inclined to annul the treaty in view of the all-red route project.

A telegram from Ottawa states that the Canadian Manufacturers' Association passed a resolution that it would be disastrous to abrogate the Anglo-Japanese treaty which has greatly developed trade between Canada and Japan.

Reuter wires from Shanghai that a boxer outbreak has occurred in Southern Kungsi.

An Italian priest and several converts have been murdered.

The Lazarist Mission at Kun-chow-fu has been burned, but the missionaries escaped to Kian-fu and telegraphed for assistance.

The Governor of Malaga has informed the Government that seventy-two persons perished and seventy-eight have been injured by floods. The vineyards have disappeared under mud and the vintage is lost.

The rain continues, and if there is a further rise in the waters a terrible catastrophe is apprehended.

The inauguration of New Zealand as a dominion has been celebrated at Wellington with appropriate ceremonies.

London, September 28.

Sir W. Laurier, in a speech at Toronto, explained that Canada a party to the Japanese treaty because she thought that Japan became prohibited general emigration, particularly towards Canada.

Mr. Taft, the American War Minister, has arrived at Tokio.

London, September 29.

Mr. Taft in an interview, said that America and Japan would be friends. He had no mission to Japan except to bear friendly greetings and visit old friends en route to Manila. He denied that America had any intention of selling the Philippines.

The Times New York correspondent comments on the deplorable behaviour of the American press towards Japan.

The Times New York correspondent, referring to the American press adds that sneering references are made to Japan's quiescence since the Pacific cruise has been arranged compared to her constant diplomatic hectoring previously.

It is stated in Washington that the start of battleships to the Pacific will be delayed two months, owing to necessity for repairs.

London, September 28.

Reuter's correspondent at Shanghai states that the Protestant missionaries at Kan-cow-fu are safe.

Reuter wires from Hongkong that a hundred people have perished in the fire at Wuchow.

It is believed to be the work of an incendiary owing to the establishment of a new Likia station. Property valued at a quarter of a million dollars has been destroyed.

London, September 30.

The semi official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says that in the course of the Anglo-Russian negotiations both sides assured Germany that where German interests came into question they would be respected. The *Norddeutsche* says that the convention shows that Germany's economic interests in Persia are in no way disadvantageously affected and reiterates that Germany has no political interests there.

Reuter, telegraphing from Tokio, states that the Japanese press, in welcoming the Anglo-Russian agreement, remarks that it is a powerful contribution to universal peace and particularly appreciates the lightening of Japan's responsibility as regards the British alliance by the security the agreement affords in connection with the Indian Frontier.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We should like to have our readers pay especial attention to the following article copied from the "Independent," because of the opinions it voices regarding the duties of nations and those in their charge.

THE NATION'S WARDS

It is now twenty-five years since a little company of men and women, representing various religious bodies, met for a three days' session in the sitting room of a missionary, Dr. A. L. Riggs, at Santee Agency, Neb., to consult as to the interests of the American Indians. Out of that meeting grew the annual session of the Mohonk Lake Indian Conference, which met last week for the twenty-fourth time with Mr. Albert K. Smiley, and out of it, too, has grown the corresponding Peace and Arbitration Conference at the same place.

The quarter-century has nearly settled the Indian question. Its great principles have been fixed along the lines proposed at these conferences. The Indians are being absorbed in the general population, as their reservations are being broken up and they are placed on their several farms. They are taught in schools, are learning industry, and are ceasing to depend on rations from the Government. But meanwhile other races dependent upon us have come to claim our attention, fifty times as many in number as the American Indians. Their interests need protection against selfish greed, and the Mohonk Conferences have done their part to create a strong public sentiment in their behalf.

The time has past when it was safe to say that it was merely vengeance that drove our Government to the war with Spain, or that the attitude of our nation was one of mere selfish exploitation. There has never been a previous example in the history of the world in which so much of altruism has led to the deliverance of a subject, and when people, as in the case of the Cubans and Filipinos, and in which the effort has been made not only to rule them fairly, but also to develop them into independent self-government. The best examples hitherto have been the rule of Great Britain over India and Egypt, but in neither case has the aim been to create self-governing states. The British policy has been well described by Mr. Alleyne Ireland, who sharply criticizes our method in the Philippines as Utopian. We believe that what we have attained other races can also attain. This is not only the theory of our foreign missions, but also of our free government, for which any people can be fitted by intellectual and moral culture.

After three days of discussion by those who are best acquainted with the present problems, the Conference at Mohonk Lake made its recommendations. It asked that the revenues derived from our detached possessions be segregated and devoted to their use, after paying the cost

of administration. This is only fair; the nation should make no profit out of its new territories, but should rather help them; and accordingly it is recommended that an adequate school system be provided for all children, the cost of which should be supplemented by the general Government where the local revenues do not suffice.

In particular it was recommended for our Indian tribes that the registration of all Indians, with their family relationships, be speedily completed; that the tribal funds be broken up as soon as possible and the individual holding thus assigned be paid to the Indians as fast as they can learn the use of money; that the courses of study in the larger Indian schools be so extended that graduates can pass directly into the agricultural colleges; that Congress definitely prohibit the use of Indian trust funds for denominational schools; and that Christian churches and other religious bodies be urged to unite for the spiritual uplift of the Indians.

For Alaska it is urged that Indians and E-kimos who can read and write be allowed to vote for the Delegate to Congress; that the general Government provide them with industrial and day schools, with hospitals and sanitary care, that they, as well as the reindeer herd, be kept under the Bureau of Education; and that an ample system of courts of justice be supplied.

For our island possessions it is urged that in Porto Rico citizenship be conferred upon the people, as already recommended by the President; that industrial training be given in the day schools; that trades schools be established; and that the need of hospital and medical relief be called to the attention of philanthropic organizations. For Hawaii it was particularly recommended, since it has lost the very important income from the customs receipts by annexation, that all excess of customs there received over the cost of administration be returned for education and other needs. And for the Philippines it was urged that the Senate pass the bill already past by the House providing for the reduction of the tariff; and that civil replace military government as fast as possible.

These recommendations represent the steps in advance for which we must aim this year. Each one could be argued at length; together they represent the progressive moral education of our people, as against the indifference of many and the selfishness of certain interests which would exploit these helpless people for personal advantage. It is nothing less than contemptible, for example, that sugar and tobacco should unite to wrong the Philippine people.

"God spake, and gave us the word to keep;
Bade never fold the hands, nor sleep
'Mid a faithless world—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By His servant Moses the watch was set;
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet."

BROWNING.

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GOD WITH US.

BY JOHN H. BOYD, D. D.

The tabernacle stands for the sublimest idea in all religion, and for the most vital fact in the soul's experience,—the reality and presence of the living God. "My dwelling shall be with them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." The plan of the enclosures, the character of the furniture and hangings, were designed to set forth the truth that Jehovah, so wonderful in his being, so awful in his holiness, could be approached by weak, sinful man, and help for every need, social and individual, found in him.

These realities were represented in a visible and, to us, somewhat crude manner, suited to simple intelligences. Jehovah had his tent among the tents of the people. He was a fellow camper and traveler. A cloud indicated the divine presence. Purity was typified in the use of water from the laver. The smoke of incense represented prayer. The need of forgiveness and restoration underlay the mysteries of the most holy place, and the strange ritual of the great Day, of Atonement. As the frescoes of St. Mark's in Venice portrayed Bible history and truths for an illiterate and unthinking people who could understand only through pictures, so the tabernacle set forth before eye of the ancient Israelite, in material form, symbols of the central realities of religion.

That people alone has wisdom and understanding who has an eye to see God living among them, and who humbly acknowledge that his will is the ground of all righteousness, fidelity, and veracity. The tabernacle among the tents of the tribes stood for this fact. Its presence and the worship associated with it, suggestive as it was, of the divine attributes of holiness and justice, saturated the consciousness of the chosen race with ideas of righteousness and mercy, until their laws enforced a sturdy morality, their ideals expressed a genuine manliness, and their highest thought blossomed into beatitudes, psalms of love, and visions of a new tabernacle coming down out of heaven to abide with men forever, even the purified church of Jesus Christ.

To restore this sense of the divine reality and nearness is the insistent need of these times. We have lost it amid vain guesses about being, personality, and all-ness. God has become old to us. We think of him as an absentee. He used to be among men. He once reigned as King. He had a plan for races and nations. His laws were active and supreme. This was long ago. Now the universe is controlled by changeless laws and principles. Now the destinies of mankind are determined by platforms and ballots. The way our modern tribes are to march is staked out by reformers and doctrinaires.

Alas! that men cannot to-day see God living among them as truly as in that elder day. In our time there is no

tent, no altar, no veiled sanctuary, but *he is here*. If this, or any nation, is to gain felicity and improvement, it must find him and learn well what his will for it is.

The law needing to be enacted is not one to extend trade or to fulfill party promise, but to secure the triumph of right. The success of democracy or republicanism is not the supreme issue, but to keep the state and society from being shaken from those eternal foundations, the two tables of moral law,—duties to God and to man. This republic is not going along a way chosen by individualist or socialist. God has his own map. The order of future events will accord with his programme. The world will move, will halt, will turn to right or to left, will walk on mountain tops or in valleys as he elects. Our part is to keep an eye fastened upon the cloud above the tabernacle. If it lifts and moves forward, then we must strike tent and move with. If it stands, then we must stay by it. If we believe that Jehovah is come to his holy place, then must we choose out a man, a high-priest, a seer, a kingly soul, to send him up to hear what God has to say to our age and for our good.

In times of blessing, when the open hand of God shed forth happiness day by day, the altar waited for the offerings of gratitude and joy. In times of weakness and stain, the shed blood brought quietness of spirit through a sweet sense of sins covered. On the table, loaves spake of divine bounty. On the candlestick, the seven-fold light told of the Spirit of Truth shining into the soul's darkness. Before the curtain which hid the holiest of all, clouds of incense rose as the heart's tenderest yearnings rise. Within the veil, in an attitude of rapt devotion, stood golden symbols of a life so pure, so perfect, that it was fitted to see the uncovered glory of the eternal Jehovah.

To have this constant, visible reminder of so precious a good, was a daily practice of the presence of God. Our need is of a sanctuary in the midst of our lives, a secret chamber, a hushed hour, when the Holy Spirit touches the uplifted soul with the calming thought that he is near, that Spirit is meeting with spirit, that the Father is coming to the earth-child, and the child lives, works, and rests within the care of the Great Goodness.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity—
Himself from God he could not free.
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
These temples grew as grew the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass;
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned. —Emerson.

But the work of great men has been the outcome of spirits which have been true to their high ideals, and have kept the vigour and purity of their dreams untarnished by



the prose of life, and have refused to lower their ideals to the level of those who have allowed the vision of the heavenly to pass out of their lives. It is not possible to illustrate this now as it might be illustrated from the lives of the poets, the painters, the philosophers, and the men of science—in fact, of all the great workers of the world. The vision came to them, their hearts thrilled to the reality of the vision, and they toiled to make their vision visible to other men, and they succeeded. So to-day we live in a world of wide horizons, we have thoughts which travel through eternity, because these were true to the vision they saw, and embodied it in words and deeds which other men may read and imitate.

—Iversen: *The Other Side of Greatness.*

Missionaries of the Rhenish Missionary Society upon Sumatra baptized 153 Mohammedans during the last year. Especially in Si Manoson, the principal station of the Mohammedan district, Christianity has become a power, though only five years ago the chief affirmed with an oath that after five years all native Christians should have disappeared. In the district of Si Pirok a native Christian has become chief in place of a Mohammedan.

THE TRYSTING PLACE

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

Where wilt thou turn thy face,

Thy risen Lord to see?

Behold, he hath a trysting-place!—

Look thou in Galilee.

Weep not before the tomb,

Guarded and sealed in vain;

Nor grieve that in that narrow room

The Crucified hath lain.

O haste with eager feet

Back to dear Galilee;

In the old nook he waits to greet

An keep his tryst with thee.

By whispering shore and dell

His whisper thou shalt hear;

His love hath secrets it can tell

But in thy listening ear.

Back to the place of prayer,

Of the heart's early vow,

Of loving toil and friendship—there

Thy soul shall meet him now.

O haste thy Lord to greet!

And this the sign shall be:

He of the pierced hands and feet

Seeks, too, thy Galilee.

From every point of view we see the beauty of kindness. Nothing we can do in this world has in itself a richer splendor, or is more far-reaching in its influence for good, than the kindness we can show in our plainest, commonest days. This is not something that requires either brilliant genius or great opportunity. In every walk of life, on every day of the year, the least of the Master's triguda find occasion for simple ministries of love, and may leave behind a radiant record of service.

INASMUCH.

"If I had dwelt of old a Jewish maiden

In some Judean street,

Where Jesus walked, and heard His word so laden

With comfort stragely sweet,

"And seen the face where utmost pity blended

With each rebuke of wrong,

I would have left my lattice and descended,

And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,

Of some rich rabbi there,

Seeking the sick, blind, halt, my blood had curdled

At sight of such despair;

"And I had wrenched the sapphire from my fillet,

Nor let one spark remain,

Snatched up my gold amid the crowd to spill it,

For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me;

I would have walked between

The Marys and Salome, while they told me

About the Magdalene.

"Foxes have holes"—I think my heart had broken

To hear the words so said—

"While Christ had not"—were sadder ever spoken?—

"A place to lay His head."

"I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,

And in my joy have been

First on the threshold, eager to adore Him;

And crave His entrance in!

Ah! would you not Without a recognition

You passed Him yesterday,

Jostled aside, unhelped, His mute petition,

And calmly went your way,

With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled;

Before your window-still

Sweep heart-sick crowds; and if your blood is curdled,

You wear your jewels still,

You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them

In its implorings wild;

Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them.

And you be thus defiled.

O dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping

All service free from blot,

Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,

And ye perceive him not!

—Free Church of Scotland Monthly.

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THE FIRST MARTYR IN MARY'S REIGN.

George Marsh was a farmer in the then rural parish of Deane, Lancashire.

About the year 1555 he became a marked man because of his godliness.

On Deane Moor he would meet his friends and kneel and pray with them.

"My dear friend," said a neighbour, on one of these occasions, "a warrant is out for your arrest. Had you not better fly?"

"Who seeks me?" asked George Marsh.

"One Roger Wrinstone, and they have orders to take thee first to Smithills, and then to the Earl of Derby and his council at Lathom House."

"Let us seek guidance from the Lord," said the pious farmer.

The two knelt on the dark and desolate moor, and prayed that God would graciously show his servant the way wherein he should walk.

George Marsh passed that night in a neighbouring house.

"Here is a letter for thee, friend," said the householder next day, placing the package in his hands.

"In no wise fly," wrote an anonymous correspondent, "but abide and boldly confess the faith of Jesus Christ."

"So I will," exclaimed the stout-hearted farmer; "I will patiently bear such cross as it shall please God to lay upon my shoulders."

"And what wilt thou do now?" asked his host.

"I will go of mine own free will to Smithills. I have done wrong to no man."

With that he set out, entreating his host to comfort his wife and little children. They parted with many tears on both sides.

George Marsh was apprehended at Smithills and despatched forthwith to Lathom.

Then the Earl of Derby questioned him. He was bullied and threatened and cross-examined in a very vexatious manner most of the afternoon by the members of the Earl's council.

"Thrust him into ward," shouted the Earl at length.

The brave farmer describes his prison in the following words:

"I lay in a cold, windy stone house, where there was little room, two nights without any bed, saving a few great canvas tent-cloths; and, that done, I had a pair of sheets, but no woollen clothes; and so continued till Palm Sunday, occupying myself as well as I could in meditation, prayer and study."

On Palm Sunday, after dinner, Marsh was examined once more. In the middle of the examination the Vicar of Prescott took him aside and conferred with him.

"His answers are sufficient for a beginner until he hath learned further," said the vicar, kindly, to the council, wishing to save him.

George Marsh was thereupon dismissed and sent to the servants' quarters. But his conscience reproved him for want of faithfulness. He began openly to declare his hatred of the Mass, and was sent to Lancaster Castle.

Here he was lodged among the worst and vilest characters, and loaded with chains.

Even so he preached to his fellow prisoners, prayed with them and read the Scriptures to them in so audible a voice that people passing by would seat themselves beneath the Castle walls to listen to God's Word read.

From Lancaster he was removed to Chester, and during four months he was examined almost daily, either in his own miserable prison, or in the ancient hall of the abbot's residence.

At the last public examination many Popish priests and ignorant people called out:

"For shame man! recant, recant!"

"I cannot deny God's truth," was the firm reply.

When the day of his execution came his keeper shed tears and said, "Farewell, good George."

With his open Bible in his hand and his eyes on the page, George Marsh went forward to an open space called Spittal Bouhton, where the stake was prepared.

"This man goeth not unto his death as a thief, or as one that deserveth to die," said the common people as he passed by.

Then a strange thing occurred.

One of the sheriffs, Master Cooper, and his armed followers, moved by the goodness and courage of the prisoner, attempted a rescue, and a fight ensued. The Sheriff was, however, defeated, and had to flee over the border into Wales, where he remained until the reign of Elizabeth.

"George Marsh," shouted the other Sheriff, "we must have no sermoning."

"Master," replied George, "I desire only to pray."

The last words of George Marsh were: "Father of heaven, have mercy upon me," and with that his sufferings came to an end, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

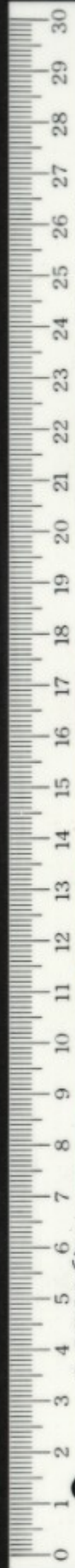
The townspeople were deeply stirred at the foul murder of this pious and innocent farmer. The universal opinion was that George Marsh was a martyr and had died for the truth.

HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN.

A TROOP OF LIONS.

"Few are aware how lonely and dangerous the journeys taken by missionaries in South America are," said Mr. Mc Ewen, taking the seat pointed out to him.

"My little boy has been wondering whether you



have seen any lions in South America, Mr. McEwen," remarked the clergyman who sat at the head of the table.

The tall, thin American looked across at the boy with a kindly smile.

"Oh! yes," said he; "we've lions in South America, and I've met them."

The boy's eyes glistened at the prospect of an exciting adventure.

"Real lions?" he asked.

"Yes, real South American lions. They are not like the African lion. They are smaller. But they are fierce and strong."

"Could they kill you?"

"Rather."

"And eat you?" inquired the lad.

"Yes. But shall I tell you how I met a troop of them?"

"A troop, Dudley!" exclaimed his father. "That's the kind of story you like to hear."

"Well," began Mr. McEwen, while Dudley fastened his eyes on the missionary's face, "I set out late one night to ride home. My friends warned me it was dangerous to be out so late, but I was anxious to be back with my wife. The road was a steep, rough, and lonely one, and I was soon some miles from any house. Just then my mule raised her ears and stopped dead. I had been thinking of many things in an absent minded sort of way, but I now pulled myself together, and listened to the strange sound which had startled my animal. At first it came from far away, but every moment it became more distinct."

"What was it like?" inquired Dudley.

"Somewhat like a cat mewing, only much—much louder."

"My!" exclaimed the boy, screwing his shoulders together in intense enjoyment.

"I had not long to wait to discover the source of these sounds. Suddenly a troop of American lions, half a dozen in number, leapt on to the rough narrow pathway behind me. It was bright moonlight, and as I turned in my saddle I saw them distinctly."

"Did you feel funky?" asked Dudley.

"Strange to say I did not. Nor did my mule. The poor animal was too dead tired to care what became of her, and, well, God kept me wonderfully cool and even—happy."

Dudley looked at the missionary, and thought what a brave man he must be.

"Then," continued Mr. McEwen, "it suddenly occurred to me to sing. I began in a loud voice:

'Safe in the arm of Jesus!'

Safe on His gentle breast!

The rocks around rang with the sound, and I felt wonderfully safe as I sang. But the effect on the lions was extraordinary. They stared at me in amazement for one moment, and then they turned tail and scampered off by the way they had come.

"Did you sing very loud?" asked.

"As loud as I could. When the lions had disappeared, my mule and I jogged comfortably home without any further adventures."

"It's a modern repetition of the story of Daniel and the lions. The Lord sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths," said the clergyman gravely.

"Yes, I ascribe it all to Him, to whom be glory!" said the missionary, solemnly. "He put into my heart to sing, and He delivered me from the lion's mouth."

HERBERT DUDLEY LAMPEN.

How are we to find out what our place in the universe is, and what we ought to do with our life? Does anyone know and can anyone show us, but him whose we are, who has made us and planned for our course? We see at once that if we leave God out of our life, ignore him, fail to recognize him as our Master, seek no direction and guidance from him, we can only wreck our career. The only ambition in life that is wise and safe, is the ambition to be what God made us to be, to do what God sent us into the world to do, to fulfil the divine purpose for our life. And it follows that only Christ can guide us in choosing our place and our work.

Diversion, when it is taken as a means of returning to our work with renewed vigor, is not only good, it is necessary; but when we use diversion to shirk and to enable us to forget that which we should face and conquer, then it is slow poison. There are very many who put more nervous force into playing at having a good time than it would take to do a large amount of work and do it well. They divert themselves in order to avoid hard work, or to avoid some problem in life rather than face it and solve it, or to avoid acknowledging a weakness of character in themselves which it would take steady effort to mend. Such people continue to turn from one diversion to another. They constantly feel the need of more excitement, like the man who at first gets drunk on a little, and keeps up the habit of drinking until he has to take a great deal to get drunk enough to feel pleasantly exhilarated.—Annie Payson Call: *Every Day Living*.

THE INDIAN STANDARD.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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